Be Prepared

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/58026325.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Oral Sex, Begging, Awesome Alana Bloom, Anal Sex, Overstimulation, Coming Untouched, Fluff and Smut, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Shower Sex, Wall Sex, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, Sassy Will Graham, Sassy Hannibal Lecter, Dom/sub Undertones, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Sexting, Humiliation, Dr. Frederick Chilton Being an Asshole, Dirty Talk, Semi-Public Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of A Wendigo in the Bayous
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-09 Completed: 2024-08-13 Words: 5,360 Chapters: 2/2

Be Prepared

by Toki_Wrights

Summary

Hannibal wasn't prepared to recieve Will's message in the middle of the lecture, fumbled with his phone, dropped it, and watched in horror as Alana picked it up, looking at the pulled up image with eyebrows raised in shock and consideration.

"He's got a bigger dick than I thought."

Hannibal curled over his knees and put his head in his hands, ignoring the growing attention on them as Alana laughed at him, holding out his phone that gets quickly snatched back.

Day 3

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Part 1

Hannibal groaned as he shifted on his bed, tucking his head into the person holding him, strong and muscled arms wrapped around his back and runners legs tangled in his own. A breath huffed into his hair, one hand coming up to scratch and pet at his head while the other one rubbed his back. Hannibal whined as he shifted his legs, stretching them out with a rumble in his chest.

"What time do you have to leave?" Will asked into his bed head.

Hannibal hummed, rubbing his face into Wills chest, giving it light mouthy kisses. "Around seven thirty."

"Well, I think we have time for another round, don't you love?" Hannibal whined and shook his head. He couldn't possibly go again, he was already well and truly fucked out, and he still had an entire day to go through before they would undoubtedly be right back at it. "Come on doll, I know yoy can do it, you take it so pretty for me."

"I still have to shower and eat before I leave." Will grinned down at him, full of sharp teeth and something light and heady pooled in his gut at the glimpse of teeth.

"Well I know how to take care of all of these problems at once." Will slipped out from under the covers and Hannibal cried out at the loss of warmth.

He followed Will to the shower when the man took his hand and dragged him from underneath the covers and leaned against the tiled wall as Will played with the shower head. He sighed in content as the water hit his back, washing over his head and dripping into his eyes. He enjoyed the feel of it battering his back and groaned when a hand covered in shampoo ran through his hair, tugging on lightly tangled strands and pulling his head back slightly, exposing his neck to the world. Will rumbled against his back as Hannibal transfered his weight from the wall to the siren. They washed together in contented silence, and Hannibal slowly relaxed as his muscles untensed underneath the warm spray and Wills gentle coaxing hands.

Once they were done, Will turned Hannibal around to look at him, stroking a hand lovingly down his face. "Can you get on your knees for me baby?" Hannibal nodded and dropped down onto his knees, ignoring the ache in them. He might be a Wendigo and more physically fit than anyone his age could dream to be, but after being on his knees for so long last night, they hurt like he was actually his age. Will grabbed his hair, yanking on it harshly and tugging his head till Hannibal was lapping at the other man's dick. Hannibal moaned at the tingly feeling erupting from his scalp, at the harsh tugs and the feeling of Wills cock heavy and wet and big in his mouth. He laved his tongue over the bottom of Wills dick, taking him down as far as he could before coming back up and slurping at the tip. Will moaned at his ministrations, and Hannibal felt his own dick spike in pluesure as Will gripped his hair harder and shoved his hips and dick into his mouth, causing Hannibal to choke around it as it went further than he could take it.

He put his hands on the floor of the shower, struggling to get a grip with the water still running and coursing over their bodies. He leaned forward on his hands, taking Wills dick even further into his throat, enjoying the painful stretch and savoring the musky taste of his precum.

Instead of letting Hannibal rest and get used to the intrusion Will thrust his hips. "You take my dick so beautifully, doll." Will drawled in huffed breaths. Hannibal keened around Wills member, and Will moaned at the reverberations. The building pluesure in his gut and body was drowning him, and as it neared closer to the peak he tapped Wills foot twice with two fingers. Will pulled his head off with a disdained and distasteful look.

"And here I thought you could go longer." Will tisked, "You know what that means, don't you?"

Hannibal cowered under Will, head turned away to avoid any chance of eye contact with the siren. "I'm sorry, Master." Hannibals eyes widened and his head shot up to judge Wills reaction to the term. He was met with shocked delight and blown out pupils which he took as a cue to keep going. "Please, Master. Please. I'll do anything, just please, please." Hannibal begged for Will to let him cum right there on the shower floor with water in his eyelashes and hair and Will looking at him like he was something to cherish.

Wills eyes softend. "Then be a good boy for your master and cum for me?" Hannibal did, crying out at the pet name and watching as his seemen washed down the drain and away.

Will crooned at him as he panted in the heat and humidity of the shower before hauling him up to his feet and wrapping his arms around him, petting the back of his head as he gasped into his shoulder.

"What a good, good, good boy you are." Hannibal moaned and wept at the praises leaking out of Wills mouth like it was the ambrosia of the gods. They got out of the shower but before Hannibal could reach for his towel to dry off Will slid a hand around the back of his waist and tugged him closer. Hannibal obediently followed Wills tugging closer to him until Will could get bothe his hands on the back of his thighs to pull him closer. Instead of stumbling into Will on his jello legs, Will lifts him up, Hannibal flailing his arms for purchase on Wills shoulders with wide eyes.

Will smirked at him, muscles flexing as he hold Hannibal up, "Didn't think I could do that, did you?" Hannibal licked his lips as he looked down at Will with heavy eyes and slowly regaining his interest. Hannibal wraps his legs around Wills back as the siren pushes him further into the nearby wall, pressing their bodies closer to each other. Hannibal throws his head back against the wall and hears it thilunk heavy as Will leaves a trail of lovebites and bruises down his neck. He's entirely focused on Wills panting and tongue lapping at his nipples and doesn't notice his other hand creeping down to finger at his hole. Hannibal cried out at the too big intrusion as Will shoved three fingers in at the same time. He was still fairly open from their fooling around the previous night, but that was definitely to much, he thought at the pain that flared hot and deliciously up in him.

They panted and mouthed open and wet and breathy kisses at the other while Will worked him open. "Master, master please, please I want your cock so bad~" Will huffed a laugh at his

begging but didn't humor him, leaving Hannibal wet and open and if Will hadn't eaten his cum from his hole last night, dripping. Hannibal trembled in Wills grip, legs shaking where they were hooked around his back and abs trembling, tears falling from his eyes as Will massaged his prostate and took the pain of overstimulation to the brink and iver the edge. He sobbed when Will was finally done, slumping forward and resting his head on his shoulder. Will stroked his head, running loving and adoring hands over the back of his head, murmuring sweet words and praises that Hannibal ate up. When Hannibal stopped shaking Will smiled at him, and Hannibals heart swelled.

"It's okay if I give you one more round before you have to leave, right doll?" Hannibal didn't answer, still breathing heavily into Wills shoulder, lapping at the bite he had left on the man. "Come on pup, it's okay, it won't hurt." Hannibal pulled back and looked at Will, nodding his confirmation.

"Want- want it to, to hurt." He growled out around a bruised throat and foggy head.

Wills nostrils flared and he beamed at him, "Oh pup, I'll make it worth your while, doll." Carefully, oh so carefully Will lined his dick up with Hannibals hole and pushed in, Hannibal moaning around the intrusion. It wasn't gentle or careful after that though, as soon as Hannibal relaxed around Wills cock he was pounding into the Wendigo, nailing his prostate with every push and pull of their bodies in the cooling heat around them. Will runned a hand up and down Hannibals back as he pulled almost all the way our before slamming back in, sending Hannibal into the wall of the bathroom and holding up with the other.

Hannibal was both sad and not when it didn't take long to be over, if he had his way he would hold himself up in his hotel room or Wills house for hours upon hours, days even, and spend them with Will. However, he did have the conference to get to, but Dr. Chilton was there, and would undoubtedly invite him and Will ro dinner or lunch again. Hannibal weighed the pros and cons of ditching as Will helped him pull on his clothes, giving him a peck on the cheek before sending him on his way with a loud and harsh slap on his ass, leaving a very dazed and happy Hannibal in his car to hopefully not crash on the way to the conference center.

His ass hurt.

Part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal was not happy with his disition making skills at the momment, or Will's for that matter. Why did he think it was a good idea to have bone shattering sex before having to sit down all day? He knew he had a slight glower on his face as he shifted in his seat, unable to focus on whatever it was the dithering blonde on the podium was talking about. Alana raised an eyebrow at his constant fidgeting but otherwise ignored him, diligently taking notes like some fresh collage student or a rather attentive middleschooler, trading different colored highlighters when different topics were mentioned and writing notes in the margins in the color the thought was attributed to. Hannibal knew he had gone to this lecture because it sounded interesting, but right now all that sounded interesting was never walking again. Alana leaned over a whispered into his ear, "You know, I never took you for a bottom Hannibal." Hannibal tried valiantly to not choke on his own spit.
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"Sooooo...." Hannibal sighed as Dr. Chilton paused infront of him to get his attention. "Will you and your, ah, week long paramour be able to join me and the girls for lunch today?"
Hannibals glad that Margot was invited this time, at least if Will wasn't able to go it wouldn't be horrible.
"I will have to see, but I will let you know as soon as I have an answer." He shot off a text to Will to prove he wasn't bluffing, much as it pained him.
Hannibal: Dr. Chilton would like to have lunch with us. Well, he is inviting us to lunch with him and Alana and Margot.
Will: Really? Damn, I guess, sure. Not for him though, I would love to see you and the girls again.
Hannibal: Lovely, I will let Dr. Chilton know at my soonest convenience.
Will: Translation: unless prompted to, this Wendigo won't speak to lowly doctors they dont like.
Hannibal: Precisely.
"Well?" Dr. Chilton asked when he looked back up.
"Let me know the location and I'll pick up Will."
Dr. Chilton shook his head, "No, no, no. I insist I take you guys."
Hannibal snorted. "As lovely as that would be, me and Will shall be just fine in my own car."
Dr. Chilton gives him what he obviosly believes to be a knowing look. "Then meet us at Cafe Du Monde?"
Hannibal nodded in assent before walking to his next lecture. He greets Alana just outside of the room and they chat for a while before heading inside and taking their seats. He knew it was improper manners, but he started texting Will instead of listening to the lecture, trying to pass it off as note taking.
Hannibal: I hate you.
Will: Do you now?
Will: and why's that?
Hannibal: My ass hurts, and now I cannot focus on the lectures I was interested in.
There's a short pause before Wills next reply.

Will: Simple: find something to take your mind off the way your ass hurts after I shove my dick into it and watch as you moan like the little whore you are.
There was a smiley face tacked on at the end of the messege. The dead eyed face of the emoticon staring up at him accusingly as he licked his lips in a slight nervous tic he didn't have.
Hannibal: Is this really the appropriate time for sexting?
Will: Is there ever an appropriate time when I could be eating my cum out of your fat ass?
Hannibal: The appropriate time is when I am NOT sitting in the middle of a lecture hall with a hundred other people, Will.
Will: ... are you aroused by the idea of getting off souronded by people?
His face felt like it was on fire although there was no outward indication of his embarrassment. There never was. There was however what was soon going to end up as an uncomfortable situation, he could, infact, feel himself becoming aroused, much to his dismay. He moved his bag in what he hoped was a surreptitious manner to cover his lap. He figures he succeeded.as Alana didn't spare him a glance, busy with her own phone.
Hannibal: That would be vulger and absurd.
Will: ' ,:|
Will: ... you didn't say no.
Hannibal: I reiterate my starting point.
Will: So, you're absolutely certain you don't want to sext in the middle of your supper interesting and not at all distracting lecture?
Hannibal: Yes.
A pause.
Will: And I can't change your mind?
Hannibal: And how would you do that?
He feels stupid for asking, because now he's put the idea in Wills head and there's no going back and there are only a few options as to what might convince him, all of them more mortifying than the last, all of them more appealing than the last. If he wasn't a doctor himself, he would say he needed to get a brain scan done, but no, he was just a love sick fool who apparently accidently married strangers and who suddenly had a very interesting sex life, not that he was complaining.
Except that, he was, because his chair was a cheep folding mettle one that hurt his already bruised ass, so.
His eyes caught and widened on the screen when the image popped up and was rendering on his phone. His breath hitched on the image as it fully loaded, Will's dick in his hand, flushed and beautiful and big and the sight of it made him drool a bit, wishing for it to be back in his mouth. His hand loosened slightly, and then like butter, more likely any karma he had received throught his life coming back at this very moment, his phone slipped through his hands. In his shock he fumbled with his phone instead of just tightening his grip on it, dropped it, let out a dismayed noise as it clattered noisily and, thankfully, landed face down, and watched in horror as Alana picked it up, looking at the pulled up image with eyebrows raised in shock and consideration.
"He's got a bigger dick than I thought."
Hannibal curled over his knees and put his head in his hands, ignoring the growing attention on them as Alana laughed at him, holding out his phone that gets quickly snatched back. He curses her in his head but the mortification ultimately wins and has him sitting back up a little, now completely tuning out the man up on the podium, and looking at the picture on his phone.

And then, in what would be her last act of betrayal if Hannibal didn't die on the spot, Alana snapped a picture of him looking down at his phone with hunger and shame and mild disgust in his eyes, and told him it was for blackmail purposes. Because not only had she gotten him slack jawed, but she had gotten a bit of the image of Wills dick to.
He was going to kill her.
As soon as he left the room to go take care of his rapidly growing problem.
Damn them.
He was glad the venue they were using for the conference had bathrooms that weren't public, because if they hadn't he wouldn't have known what to do. Instead he took in his flushed and haggard appearance and sighed, pulling his phone back out to look at the text stream again.
Will: Is this convincing enough?
Will: Hello?
Will: Well, either you fell through the floor or it was convincing and you didn't text me back, I'm hurt :(
He took in a deep breath before starting to type.
Hannibal: It was indeed very convincing, however there may have been an accident in the delivering of this delightful image, as I found myself with a friend that has tastefully photographed blackmail of me and who has seen your junk, and has now undoubtedly shown it to her girlfriend.
There's a long pause before:
Will: You dropped your phone and your friend picked it up and saw my dong?
Hannibal: Correct.
Another pause.
Will: Did she like it?
Hannibal: I am unsure.
Will: Are you still at the conference hall? Did you really fall through the floor?
Hannibal: I'm still at the conference hall, I am becoming better aquanted with their private single person bathrooms.
Will: Aren't those usually for mothers or disabled people?
Hannibal: You are correct.
Will didn't respond for a long time.
Will: Call me.
Hastily, eagerly even, he followed Wills orders with an obedience he easily slipped into. The call didn't even ring once before Will picked up breathless and panting, his voice heavy as he spoke.
"Hannibal?"
He groaned in response and slid further down the wall, planting his feet on the ground with his ass on the floor. Frankly, it was disgusting, he was practically laying on the bathroom floor, but he felt nasty right now anyway.
"Ye- yes?" He asked as his lowered his hand to his crotch, toying and ghosting over the cloth there as he slid his hand down the fly of his pants, not daring to undo them and touch his aching cock untill Will told him to.
"Tell me what you look like right now, would you?" He could almost see the way Wills tongue curled as he spoke the words, breathing deep through the phones microphone and exhaling right back into it, putting his weighted tones and growled baritone next to Hannibals ear. He could almost imagine the way Will would bite down and toy with the shell of his ear. Could almost change the cold hard tile into his chest pressed flush with his back. But it wasn't Will, and he knew that. Instead, he focused on Wills voice, the only thing that was, that felt

real.
"I, I'm wearing the suit you helped me into this morning." Will hummed at the expected answer and Hannibal scrambled to get his brain in gear so he could follow the sirens orders.
"I'm laying on the floor of the bathroom, my- my upper back is against the bottom of the wall and, and my feet are on the floor, planted there just like you, just how you want them." He shifts his legs just a bit wider as his own words wash over him. And yet, he continues. "I look thoroughly debauched, although I haven't done anything, I promise, I'm, I've been good." He hastily clears up any misconceptions before Will could even think about asking. "I've been waiting for you to, for you to allow me to touch myself." He's hard from his own stutterd words, straining against his fly and waiting for that command, for Wills permission.
There's a sweet sigh on the other end of the phone before Wills exasperated voice filters through.
"Alright," Hannibal moans loud and long,
"You can touch yourself."
"Than- thank you." He grits out through clenched teeth as soon as he gets his hand on his dick.
"I hope you know I'm going to have to punish you after this, doll."
"Hngh, wha- aaht did, did I.. ahhhhh do?" He asks around moans and the other obscene noises coming from his mouth. He's genuinely confused about what he did.
"I didn't want you to leave the lecture hall, doll." Hannibal gasped up at the cealing as the words flooded over him, as they drowned him while he flicked the head and opening if his cock, gathering precome on his fingers and bringing his hand up to his mouth, licking it off his fingers, groaning at the salty musk of it. "We'll have to work on that, figure something out, I'm thinking I get you all hot and begging for it before I put a cage on you and send you off on your way for the day."
Hannibal keened. "Ple- please, I I couldn't, I wouldn't be able to show my face around here ahhhhhh- again." Will chuckled into the phone.
"I don't see how that's relevant, doll." Hannibal didn't think Will would actually make him masturbate in public, but the prospect of it, the idea that Will might make him? That was a beautiful, soul wrenching thought that grasped his gut and pulled, sending tingles and sparks up and down his spine. The thought that Will might bend him over and spank him with those deliciously calloused hands or that he might withhold Hannibal from release was intoxicating. The humiliation of it all was addictive.
"Will, Will i- i~ hahhhhhhh."
With a final cry and deep bubbling and presurized pleasure, he cums, his head falling limply, resting ontop of the phone as he shudders through his release, his back arching slightly off the ground, lifting his ass up and putting his weight on his legs, which was evidently a mistake, as they give out from under him, shoes sliding against the tile as they go forward and he goes a couple of inches down onto the hard floor, his tail bone twinging in pain. His feet are no longer planted to the ground, instead his head and shoulders are propped up by the wall, allowing him too look at the quickly cooling come. Allowing him to see the way it clings to his suit and sticks to his fingers. He grumbles out loud.
"Fuck."
Will sputters a laugh through the phone, all warbled and bendy and endearing and Hannibal glares at it like he could look at the boy physically through it before letting his arm loosen and fall with harsh 'thunk' and clack to the floor.
He's even more glad he did this in the bathroom now. Hannibal hangs up with loving words for Will and valiantly tries to wipe all of his drying cum off of his suit.

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After the thing in the bathroom, he had decided that he was, infact, not going to kill Alana (hard decision, he knows) but instead start a support club for him and Margot and their, apparently, dumb/smart-ass partners. Lord knows they both need it. Although, he does reconsider this decision when he lets Will into the car and he a shit eating grind on his face. Hannibal is even more glad that he didn't take Dr. Chiltons offer to drive them. As soon as Will sits down and is buckled in, probably so Hannibal can't throw him out of his car, he turns and looks at him.
"What did your friend have to say about my dick." There was a slight tilt to Wills head, making him look like the cat that caught the canary.
Hannibal sighed. "She didn't think your dick was that big, she also didn't think I would be the bottom in this scenario, for multiple reasons I'm assuming, including the one where you show up looking like bass pro shop threw up on you." Will laughed, long and loud, and it was so much better than the broken one on the phone, but just as devastating.
"If I actually do look like bass pro shop threw up on me, then I think I would look like I top."
"If you weren't queer and had evidently never met anyone who shops at bass pro then you might think that, however they're all overcompensating and are truly just the most groveling pitiful things, truly." Will snorted.
"Is that so?"
"It is."
They chattered on about nonsensical things till they arrived, Will sneering a little at the sight of the restaurant they were going to. "You can't expect everyone to eat at the places you like, Will. You are clearly a local, abd know all the best spots, while the rest of us are tourists."
Will ignored him, although Hannibal didn't expect any other response, and grumbled as he went inside. "I have no idea what possessed me to go and hang out with a bunch of doctors."
Hannibal laughed as they entered.
"Were under a party reserved for a Dr. Chilton?" The hostess nodded and led them away to a near enough but tucked away table where Dr. Chilton, Margot, and Alana already sat, watching them. He couldn't help but pull Will away from Dr. Chiltons prying eyes, or wish that he had told Will to dress in a more elegant fashion. Dr. Chilton wouldn't see what UT was that drew Hannibal in in the first place, he would only see a scruffy goodish looking man.
Alana raised an eyebrow at him as he sat down. "The great Hannibal Lecter actually laughing?"
Will immediately chimed in, "It's more likely than you think." Alana tittered at him, hand infront of her mouth, as they sized each other up, deciding how much havoc should be caused, reasonably, of course. Hannibal and Margot shared a look. Yes, he was going to make that club.
"I quite enjoyed the picture you sent." Their matching shit eating grins made Hannibal cringe.
"I don't think you enjoyed it as much as Hannibal did." Margot raised her eyebrows at him and Hannibal resisted the urge to bang his head against the table. Dr. Chilton, sensing that he was being left out of the conversation, but unsure as to how, came to his rescue.
Sort of, it was Dr. Chilton after all.
"So, William was it?"
Will shook his head, slight distaste already curling across his lips.
"Just Will."
Dr. Chilton nodded, seemingly pleased with the answer before Will spoke again.
"And who are you? I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you yet." Dr. Chilton

blinked, like he couldn't understand how someone wouldn't know him, at least, how someone at his very own table didn't know him.
"I'm Dr. Chilton, the one hosting this fine lunch."
Will snorted. "I thought the restaurant was technically hosting?" Dr. Chilton laughed, clearly thinking Will was joking with him and not actively disliking him.
"Have you ever been here before, Will? I hear you a native and I must know if there bignets are truly the best."
"Well I think I make better ones then they have, I believe it's that mass produced quantity that down grades the quality, you know."
"Yes yes, it's curious how that works isn't it? Similar to the law of diminishing return, isn't it?"
"Sure."
Margot chuckled into her martini while Alana and Hannibal shared a smirk.
"So, how did you and Hannibal meet?"
Will smirked at Dr. Chilton. Putting his chin in the palm of his hand, his foot nudging Hannibals under the table, and leaning slightly into his side, he look delectable.
"Well, we met several years ago at a club in Vagas, woke up married, weve got 2 kids anda third one coming, seven dogs, you know how it goes." Hannibal almost snorted his water, coughing it up from gis lungs while Alana and Margot howled with laughter. Meanwhile Dr. Chilton tried to figure out what part of the story Will was clearly making up. All of it, well, sort of, waking up married and the seven dogs was true, and he wouldn't mind children, but no.
"Hannibal!" Dr. Chilton cried and Hannibal realized he had grossly misunderstood the look on his face. "You didn't tell me you've been married for years! Where's your ring?" Alana and Margot dissolved into another round of laughter.
Dead panned and unflustered except for the redness on his face from swallowing his water wrong, he said, "I don't where the ring so I can get all the benefits that eligible Bachelor's and Bachelorettes love to throw at me."
Will gasped.
"Doll, I can't believe you would ever do that!"
The table laughed again, well, Alana did, Hannibal sat smugly, loving the appreciation his mate was getting, Will was grinning from ear to ear and Margot and Dr. Chilton were exasperated and confused respectively.
"Really, we met around town, you could even say Alana introduced us." Dr. Chilton nodded.
"Well, I suppose a week of fun never hurt anyone."
Will chuckled. "Oh, you missunderdand my intentions, I plan to keep Hannibal."
Dr. Chilton raised an eyebrow. "And how do you plan to do that? Dr. Lecter has a wide arrange of suitors, I suppose I'm simply asking what gives yoy an edge on them?"
Will smiled meanly, and Hannibals heart fluttered. "Aside from not being a simpering and dithering fool, I assume my mind is what caught his attention first. I simply have a depth to me that others dont." Dr. Chilton couldn't tell of this was a threat or not, but for have only known each other for a few days, Hannibal looked at Will with all the adoration of a long since married and very in love couple.
"And what is so special about your mind?" Hannibal tensed, slightly, very, very, very slightly, almost unnoticeable and looked at Will. He nudged the sirens leg under the table and made a little abort motion with his hand, Will frowned at him but complied.
"Well, it's definitely better than you average Joe's, but I don't think I know you well enough to tell you." Dr. Chilton leaned forward, like a shark to its prey, senting a secret to dig up.

"Oh? Please, go on." Will smiled sweetly.
"I would rather not."
Dr. Chilton leaned back, frowning, and Hannibal knew that this wouldn't be the last of his dining around.
They enjoyed their lunch after that exchanging pleasantries and niceties.
Hannibal prayed to a God he didn't belive in that Dr. Chilton kept his paws of of his dear sweet Will, otherwise he would wind up on his table, sooner rather than later.
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He knew he and Will should discuss what they were going to do sooner rather than later, but he was stalling. He didn't want this to end, it wouldn't of course, they already knew that, but he didn't want the blissfulness to be gone. Turning over under the covers, listening to the sheets and blankets rustle, he curled around Will, resting his chin on the other man's head of curls, wrapping his arms around his chest and drawing him in. Will turned in his arms, burying his head in Hannibals Chest, murmering.
"Hannibal?"
Hannibal stared at the wall, listening to the fan blow instead of answering, thinking. "We should talk about what we're going to do, shouldn't we?"
Will nodded. "Tomorrow we can talk about it, I have some things I want to show you."
Hannibal quirked an eyebrow, looking down at Will now. "Oh?"
"Mhmmmmm, now go to sleep." He obliged, cuddling closer and closing his eyes, the two of them falling asleep in the others arms, content, sated, happy.

Chapter End Notes

So, I had a friend that was wondering what I ment by the mating run thing, and all I have to say for myself is that I've been reading a literal shit tone of Teen Wolf fic recently, so. Womp womp.
I haven't had cell service at our most resent campsite, so I'm rush orderi g this while in town, woops, I'll update tags when I'm able to. As always, unbetad and evil :3

Also, guys, next one is time, I think at least, for us to see Will in all his scaley glory, now I just need to Google ides!

End Notes

This is getting a second part to it :p I just really wanted to end it on his ass hurt, so that's why I broke it up, the next chapter should be out within a few days. Also! To all my one shot spontanious idea readers! It is your lucky next couple of weeks, as none of my full length gics will update because I'm officially on vacation and don't have my desktop computer with me! For obvious reasons! This series will probably be the most posted thing, but other one shot things I've written shit for may also get posted, so wat and see I guess. Anyway, good for you guys, this chapter is entirely smut.

Chilton will finally get to meet Will I think, I also want this to happen before cannon, cause I have plans for a maybe tiny cannon rewrite :p but who knows, we'll see.

Whatever the case, I've got peach cobbler and hamburgers calling my name.

Also, is there anything specific for smu yall wanna see here?

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